" D'ye suppose he engaged rne for my powers as an actor ? " he used to say of Mr. Kean. " Not a bit of it! He engaged me for rny d d archaeological figure !"

One night during the run of " King John/' a notice was put up that no curtain calls would be allowed at the end of a scene. At the end of my scene with Hubert there was tremendous applause, and when we did not appear, the audience began to shout and yell and cheer. I went off to the greenroom, hut even from there I could still hear the voices : " Hubert £ Arthur ! " Mr. Kean began the next scene, but it was of no use. He had to give in and send for us. Meanwhile old Ryder had been striding up and down the greenroom in a perfect fury. " Never mind, ducky ! " he kept on saying to me; and it was really quite unnecessary, for " ducky " was just enjoying the noise and thinking it all capital fun. " Never mind ! When other people are rotting in their graves, ducky, you'll be up there!" (with a terrific gesture indicative of the dizzy heights of fame). When the message came to the greenroom that we were to take the call, he strode across the stage to the entrance, I running after him and quite unable to keep up with, his long steps.

In "Macbeth" I was again associated with Ryder, who was the Banquo when I was Fleance, and I remember that after we had been dismissed by Macbeth: " Good repose the while/' we had to go ofi up a flight of steps. I always stayed at the top until the end of the scene, but

Mr. Ryder used to go down the other side rather heavily, and Mr. Kean, who wanted perfect quiet for the dagger speech, had to keep on saying: " Ssh! ssh ! " all through it.

"Those carpenters at the side are enough to ruin any acting," he said one night when he carne off.